It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue:
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquerd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
VVhy art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this pallace of dym night
Depart againe, come lie thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
VVith wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
VVill I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy sea-sicke weary barke:
Heer's to my Loue. O true Appothecary;

Thy